



It is, and damn him, it is John Plancher, my fellow teacher and nemesis. He suspects me, I know it.

I feel his eye staring at me always, looking for proof of my terrible vocation.

Tonight, that ends.

"John! Good to see you this evening, what brings you to our neighborhood?"

"Oh! Hello, Raven. Actually, I was coming to see you, looking for some advice on a matter ... a matter in which I believe you have some expertise?"

"Really?"

"Yes. There's someone who needs to be killed, you see, before he kills me."

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